



ADULTS ONLY \$2⁹⁵

LAST GASP

#1

COMIX & STORIES



MAT 3012

SDV

LAST GASP COMIX & STORIES #1

Hi. Okay, in September of 1993, I convinced Ron Turner, my "boss" at Last Gasp, to let me edit an anthology title for him. "Don't worry," I said, "It'll be really cool." He had been drinking, so he agreed. I had become sick of starving, semi-literate, leper "artists" approaching me at parties, not to offer me drugs, not to introduce me to cute punk rock chicks, no, but to try and see if I could use my minuscule influence with the bloated underground comix magnate to get them published. I knew Ron wasn't about to start a new title from scratch, but if I offered to do the shitwork on it, I figured he wouldn't be averse to reaping the profits. And, hey, if you want something done right, you should do it yourself, preferably with someone else's money.

So, with the twin mandates of the production of "coolness" and to not cause undue worry to Mr. Turner, I collapsed into action. Although it causes me great discomfort to say so, extreme thanks must go to Cleavo, for offering me advice, caustic insults, and for continually barging unannounced into my office and snottily asking, "So, how's your little project going?"

Steven Cerio deserves even greater gratitude. Although he is a vegetarian, he got the word out about this thing to the most talented artists in New York with the energy and commitment of a true carnivore. This project would have been inconceivably difficult to pull off without his aid. Praise be unto you, cosmic master!

The "point" of *Last Gasp Comix & Stories*, I mean it now, is to devote as much space as possible to artists who have had little or no previous exposure, but who are actually really, really good. I don't mean that I'm biased against old dinosaurs who ought to get the hell out of the way, I just wanna give the young 'ns a chance, is all. Although a lot of the folks I finally used are relatively familiar to most readers, my fond hope is to up the obscurity quotient with each issue. Anyway, our contestants are:

Matso: Mats is an illustrator, artist, you name it, he does it, who works out of his South of Market apartment in S.F.

Hal Robins: "Tyrannosaurus Tex" A former collaborator on *Anarchy Comics*, among many many other things, Mr Robins practices his craft in lovely San Francisco.

Danny Hellman: "Mr Pons, Hard Drinking Brain Stem" Danny's illustration work adorns the pages of *Screw* magazine, as well as of many other fine publications. He lives in New York City.

Chuck Sperry & Bucky Sinister: "Harold & Gerald" Chuck's work has appeared in *World War III Illustrated* & *Filth*. Bucky is the author of several books of poetry. Both live in S.F.

Erick Gilbert & Lee Binswanger: "Song of the Slippers" Many years ago, Erick & Lee were married. This story explains why they divorced. Erick lives far too close to me in San Francisco. Lee lives in the same city.

Brad Johnson: "Last Gas" The sleeping god whose dream is the Universe, Brad lives in S.F.

Steven Cerio: "Blummy, Mummick" The former Syracuse, NY resident now creates his startling visions in New York City.

Mike Shafer: "AIDS Fucks With Your Mind" Mike lives in Brewerton, New York, and designs the most hilarious envelopes in which to place his submissions that I've ever seen.

Ken Struck: "Freak of Nature" Ken works as a night watchman in New Jersey, then comes home to convert his angry visions into art.

Stéphane Blanquet: "The Dog Killer" Monsieur Blanquet edits *Chacal Puant* in France, of all places. Translation by the ubiquitous E. Gilbert.

P. Revess: "Pablo Picasso" Michael Kupperman's work can be seen just about everywhere these days. He lives in N.Y.C.

Louisa Bottomley: "Twee Duvels" An expatriate Englishwoman, Ms. Bottomley now struggles to survive among the New World colonists of San Francisco.

Krystine Kryttre: "Not for Human Consumption" International fame has not dulled the charm of this genius of cartoon art.

Bye for now. Issue #2 is gonna kick your ass around the block.

Noah Mass, *Editor*

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WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT THAT COMES TO US ON THE NIGHT AIR, OUT OF THE WESTERN DESERT OF OUR MOST SECRET FEARS? A FLESH EATER... AN ANCIENT NIGHTMARE... A WALKING APPETITE... A WELL-KNOWN NUISANCE IN CERTAIN DRINKING ESTABLISHMENTS... A GRIM SURVIVOR WE CALL...

TYRANNOSAURUS

Cox!

with
PERMIT SLIPS

"EXTINCT?"
HELL--I AM!
EVEN TIRED!

AWWK!!
STORMY SKY--
TAKE COVER!

ONCE AGAIN, AS
JAW-GUNS BLAZE,
A LAWLESS BREED
THUNDERS OVER
THE PLAINS TO EN-
FORCE THE CODE
OF THE WEST! BUT
THIS TIME, T.T.
AND JIMMY FACE
MORE THAN MERE
BIGHORNERS AND
BUSHWHACKERS!

--YES, JIM-BOB,
FEELS RIGHT ABOUT 70 MILLION
Y'ARS SINCE WE RODE INTO TOWN
T' RAISE HELL! AH'M ITCHIN' T' GUN
SOME PORE SOULS DOWN --

LET'S
RIDE!!

LOOKS LIKE SOME STRANGE OWLHOOTS
UP AHEAD, T.T. -- BETTER
DISMOUNT N' CHECK 'EM OUT!

GROK.

HONK
HONK

BRAAAMMM

ROBINS
& PLUMBS



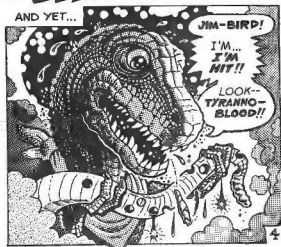
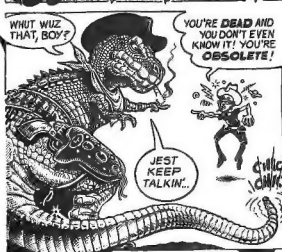
SEX, VIOLENCE



* MAMMALS: THAT CLASS OF VERTEBRATES
POSSESSING MAMMARY GLANDS. --ED.

BAPHAW-HAW-HAW!! I'M A RING-TAILED WONDER!
LOOKOUT, YUH TINHORN!!
TYRANNOSAURUS TEX IS
ON TH' WARPATH -- I'LL
MAKE HELL LOOK LIKE
SUNDAY SCHOOL
AFORE I GIT
THROUGH WITH
THIS TOWN!!







**Summer...
Tyrannosaurus Facts!**

AMAZE YOUR
FRIENDS--
WITH TRUE
PREHISTORIC
LORE.

**A TYRANNOSAURUS
ATE 5 TIMES HIS WEIGHT IN
CAVEMEN EVERY DAY! A
BULL TYRANNOSAURUS COULD
PUT AWAY 57,261 EACH MONTH--
667,152 EVERY YEAR!!**

COINCIDENTALLY, CAVEMEN ATE 5
TIMES THEIR WEIGHT EACH YEAR
IN DINOSAURS.

**PREHISTORIC MAN
OFTEN FASHIONED CRUDE
IMAGES ON CAVE WALLS,
FOR OBSCURE
RELIGIOUS
PURPOSES.**

Advertisement

HEY KIDS!

THIS'S
FUN!

WHO ELSE
WANTS TO COLLECT
THESE REAL, LIVE
DINOSAUR EGGS?!

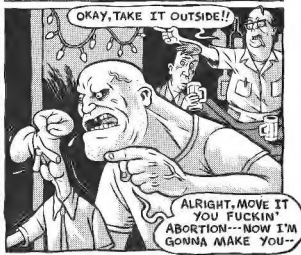
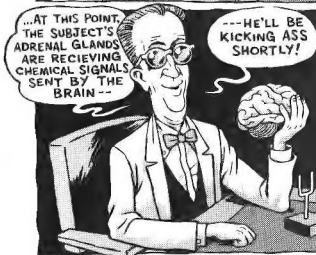
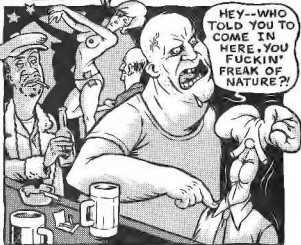
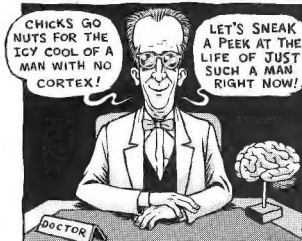
THAT'S
RIGHT! YOU
CAN HATCH
ADORABLE
DINO-BABIES
AT HOME!!
AND THEY'RE
LEGALLY EXTINCT--
YOU CAN DO WHAT
YOU WANT TO EM!!

SCIENTIFIC! EDUCATIONAL!!

**7 EGGS, &
INCUBATOR:**
\$400.00!

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Offer Prohibited Where Void







GRRRR!

Harold & Gerald

Gerald and Harold



were brothers. They
were twins, sort of



When Gerald was born they tried
to clone an exact duplicate,



but something went wrong, terribly wrong,



horribly wrong, some might say,



and Harold
never grew
to be more
than six
inches long

and he had suction cups
all over his body



• B Y • CHUCK SPERRY & BUCKY SINISTER

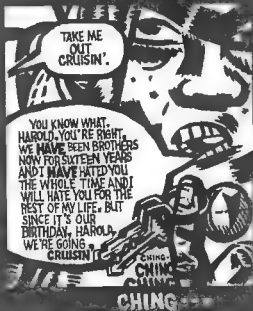
ART

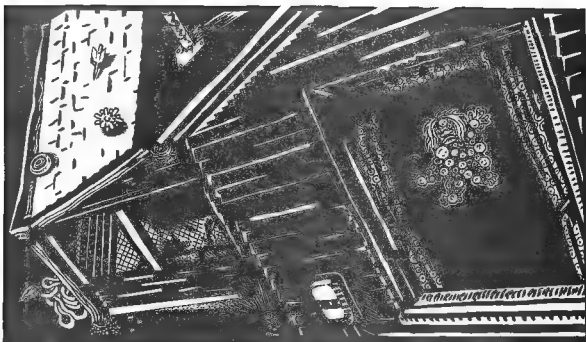
TEXT



Gerald hated Harold because Harold got all the attention. When their parents were gone, he'd lick Harold all over and stick him up on the living room window.

On their sixteenth birthday, Gerald got his revenge. He got a brand new Trans Am. Harold, being too small to drive, got a pair of socks. Harold looked up at his brother from the sofa.

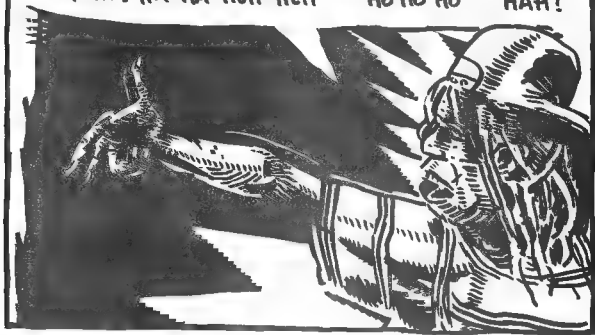




Gerald scooped his brother up from the couch and took him out to the car, but when they got inside, Gerald licked Harold all over and stuck him on the inside rear window.

"Hooooee, Harold, you're the best Goddamn chick magnet a guy could ever have," Gerald yelled, speeding away.

**DAW! HA! HE HE HE - HA HA HA - HE - HE - HA - HA - HE - HE
HO HAW! HA - HA - HEH - HEH --- HO HO HO --- HAH!**





When they got to Tastee Freeze, two girls came up to the car.

"Hey, that ain't Bart Simpson, that ain't Garfield what the heck is that?" they puzzled.

"That's my brother Harold," Gerald exclaimed, "he's only six inches long and he's got suction cups all over his body, and he's for real, he's alive."

The two girls looked at each other in awe. Then they looked back at Gerald.

"Gerald, we got a fifth bottle full of Jack Daniel's whiskey and we're looking to share it with a guy just like you. We want to share it with a guy who's got a brand new Trans Am and a brother who's only six inches long and has suction cups all over his body. What do you say, Gerald ..."





Nothing more needed to be said. The girls got in and they all sped away.



Now everyone was laughing and singing and drinking and having a good time. Everyone but little Harold, that is. He was still stuck up on the window and was thinking to himself, you know, I might only be six inches long, and I might have suction cups all over my body, but tonight I'm sixteen years old and I deserve to have a good time just like anyone else. I can't help the way I was born now can I? Meanwhile, the Jack Daniel's bottle had emptied, and with it, Gerald's reaction time and judgement were down to nothing.



When they approached the tracks, the girls looked at Gerald and said,

THAT TRAIN'S COMING GERALD, BUT WE WANT YOU TO BEAT THAT TRAIN, BECAUSE ONLY A REAL MAN CAN BEAT A TRAIN. AND WE PUT OUT FOR REAL MEN. WHAT DO YOU SAY, GERALD?

THE PHILADELPHIA

Gerald looked in the rear view mirror at his brother stuck on the window, thought about it, and said,

I'M GOING TO BEAT THAT TRAIN, I'M GOING TO BEAT THAT TRAIN, BECAUSE TONIGHT I'M SIXTEEN YEARS OLD, WITH A BELLY FULL OF JACK DANIELS' WHISKEY AND A BRAND NEW TRANS

AM, AND I'M A MAN,

I'M A MAN

I'M A MAN

HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

HAPPY CRAZY FUCKING GODDAMN BIRTHDAY.

They could hear Harold whispering something. They carefully unsuckered him, and held him up to their ears.

But he wasn't man enough, because that train beat Gerald, and when the paramedics came, they couldn't tell the girls from Gerald, the girls from each other, the car from Gerald, the girls from the car, everyone was really fucked up. Everyone except little Harold, that is, and he wasn't doing too well.

SONG OF THE SLIPPERS

STORY: ERICK GILBERT

ART: LEE BINSWANGER

IN PRIMEVAL TIMES, MAN TAMED HUGE DINOSAURS TO BRING SLIPPERS TO THEIR MASTERS WHEN THEY RETURNED TO THE CAVES EACH EVENING.



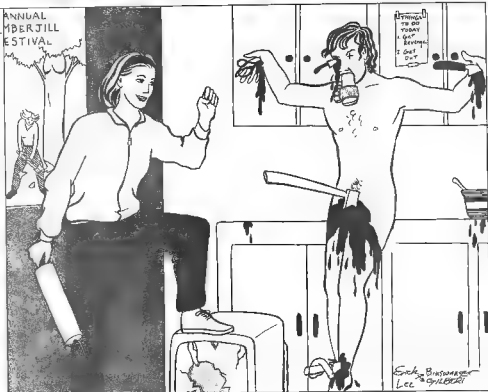
AFTER THE MYSTERIOUS AND UNTIMELY DISAPPEARANCE OF THE GIANT SAURIANS, MAN, ALWAYS THE AVID DOMINATOR, ENSLAVED THE CANINE SPECIES

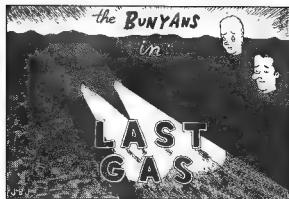


THE CANINE
TRACE, AS
LUCK WOULD
HAVE IT,
DEGENERATED
TO THE POINT
WHERE ONLY
PODDLES AND
YAPPY LITTLE
CHIHUAHUAS
WERE LEFT.
MAN FOUND
THE NEXT
INNOCENT
VICTIM, THE
HIGHLY ACC-
CLAIMED WIFE.

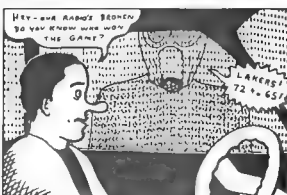


FURTHER
DEVELOPMENT
OF THIS MOST
SATISFYING
OF DOMESTIC
SITUATIONS
RADICALLY
ALTERED THE
ENJOYMENT
ONE COULD
DRAW FROM
A NICE PAIR
OF COMFORT-
ABLE SLIPPERS



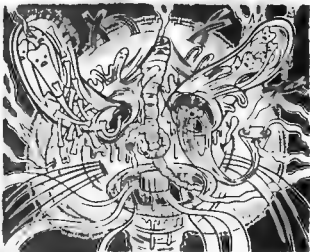




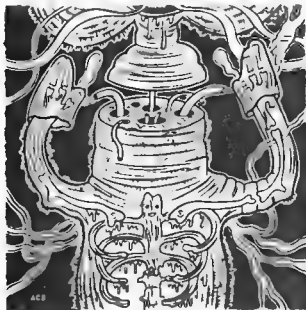


blummy

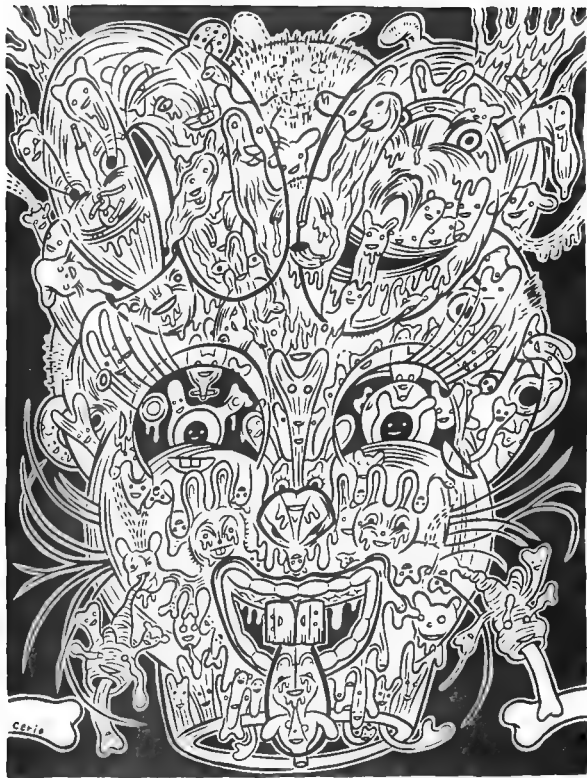
by STEVEN CERIO



My friend Blummy was a bunny who didn't like his head. It got bigger and bigger everytime he was fed. Since bunnies eat so much, it was something to dread. His cheeks would swell out like they were all filled with steam, caused him more pain than he could ever dream. A new head would cure the problem, so it would seem.



So Blummy grabbed ahold and removed his sad top. It gave loose, no blood, nothing to mop. Only the smell of spearmint and sugary pop. His friends came from forests from all over the place, to see our friend Blummy grow his new happy face. And happy, it sprouted without sadness, not even a trace.



Cerie

AIDS FUCKS WITH YOUR MIND

When I Was 21



I moved to NYC.

It's also the 1st place I saw someone die



SLOWLY of AIDS.

He became



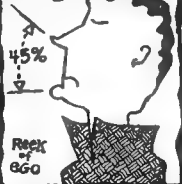
consumed w/hate

One of my 1st Jobs was as spearcarrier



(extra) for the metropolitan Opera

Edwardo was a suave + Pretentious mexican



MOSTLY HE HATED GAY MEXICANS



He was, of course, A GAY MEXICAN

I Got the Job 'cause I was fresh meat



the Opera was full of HUNGRY GAY men

as his cheeks grew thin life ebbed from him



HE BEGAN to HATE

HE PROBABLY GOT IT



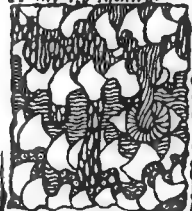
FROM another GAY MEXICAN

BUT I COULD
NEVER FIGURE OUT



Who He Hated MORE

IT WAS HIS NIGHTMARE



AND HE NEVER Woke From it

I GUESS THEY WANTED
TO SUFFER TOGETHER



I WAS AN OUTSIDER.

Other GAY
MEXICANS

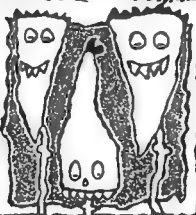


IT WAS SPRING OF '83



THE YEAR MY FRIENDS
DUBBED THE VILLAGE VOICE
"THE AIDS PAPER"

I STARTED TO REALIZE
ALL MY NEW FRIENDS
WERE PRIME CANDIDATES



OR HIMSELF.



I ILLUSTRATED A LOT
OF STUFF ON AIDS FOR
THE NEW YORK NATIVE



TILL THE ART DIRECTOR
LEARNED I LIVED WA GAL

GAYS, JUNKIES,
WILD PEOPLE,
FUN PEOPLE.



IT MADE ME SHUN
PEOPLE OF BOTH SEXES.

I DIDN'T WANT TO
DIE



At Least, 0000
NOT SO SLOWLY

FOR 2 1/2 YEARS?

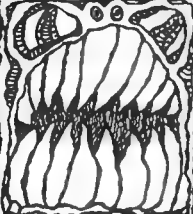


I WORKED THE
OPERA MOST NIGHTS

A BROTHERHOOD OF
MISERY



NOT SO FULL OF HATE



NOT AS BROKEN

+ SAT IN A ROOM



WITH 30 or 40 GAY MEN



I Never listen to
OPERA ANYMORE

HERE I H.S. DOGGIE



NICE HIV BONGA

AS EDUARDO.

ALL WONDERING



WHO WAS NEXT...



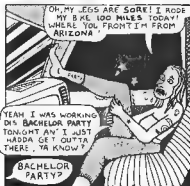
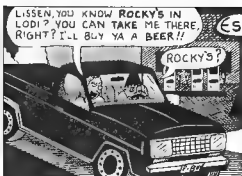
they're just too
SAD FOR ME.

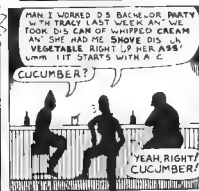
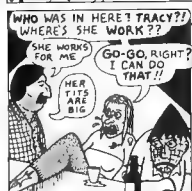
'AMAZING PINEAPPLE BOY' in

FREAK OF NATURE









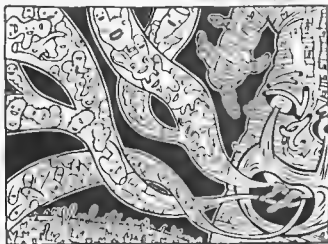


mummick

Steven
Cerio



mummick was born so speedy on an island so wordy that sat still in the briny fake baby blue sea.



he couldn't count in numbers all of the fat, sucked hollow cucumbers or the happy songs he learned to sing.



mummick would fun play in the brine until the greedy mean sunshine did take all of the water away.
it boiled the fake sea with hot yellow beams until all that rose were soft salty baby blue steams.



So the mummick held his hands together to pray, hoping the sea would return on another day. he thought that if he pinched himself so hard he cried, his tears could build a new fake baby blue tide.



as his tears steamed he ate his crown sprouts and dreamed of a jellyfish flavor with a nice warm pink fudge.



"here is a flying tongue so worried ride him to new fun lands," and mummick hurried.



MANUEL LIKES KILLING DOGGIES
IN THE STREETS AT NIGHT.



SOMETIMES HE BRINGS ONE HOME
WITH HIM TO PLAY SEX WITH BECAUSE
HE DOES NOT HAVE A FIANCEE.



IN FACT, IF THAT'S THE WAY HE IS IT'S
THAT HE IS HAPPY AROUND ANI-
MALS. HE HAS FUN...



BUT THE NEIGHBORS HAVE SEEN
EVERYTHING AND THEY WILL KILL
HIM WITH A NEAT KNIFE.



BUT AS HE USED TO LICK DOG
SPH IT GIVES HIM LIFE AGAIN



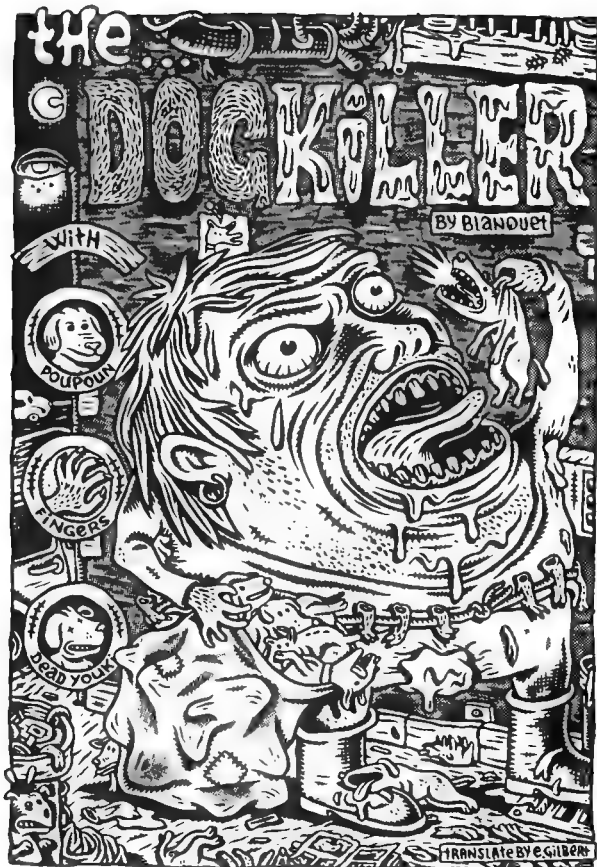
HE GATHERS STENGTH WITH
A NEAT SANDWICH...



AND DECIDES TO KILL ALL
THE DOGS. BECOMING...

the DOG KILLER

BY BIANQUET



TRANSLATE BY E. GILBERT



MANUEL IS REALLY MEAN WITH ANIMALS



TO GET EASILY CLOSER TO THEM, HE DISGUISES HIMSELF AS A FAKE DOG WITH DEAD SKIN.



THAT'S WHY HE CRAVES VENGEANCE
HE CAN'T HAVE A WOMAN.



THERE ARE MEN, BUT HE DOESN'T
LIKE THAT MUCH.



BUT AN EPIDEMIC IS PROPAGATED
AMONGST ANIMALS. BEASTS GET WEIRD!



MANUEL TOUCHED THESE DOGS SO
HE GETS SICK TOO.



MEANWHILE ...



A DISGUISED DOG...



KILLS HUMANS.



AFTER TAKING SOME MEDICINE HE FEELS BETTER



AND LEARNS THAT A DOG
KILLS ITS VICTIMS ...



BY BITING THEIR GENITALS
... HE WANTS TO KILL HIM!



MANUEL GETS BACK TO HIS
ROUTINE OF KILLING DOGS



THE ENCOUNTER WAS QUICK!



HE RECOGNIZES THE DOG. IT'S
THE DOG THAT BIT OFF HIS
WEENIE WHEN HE WAS A KID.



AND MANUEL REMEMBERS
THAT HE GAVE THAT DOG
THIS DOGFOOD.



AFTER WARDS HE IS FOR-
GIVEN AND THEY MAKE
PUPPIES IN VITRO.



PABLO PICASSO

HIS ASTONISHING WORLD

Stormy
Night

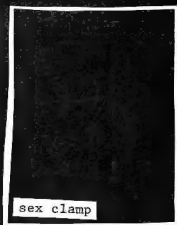
STUPID-A
GODAMNED
WEATHER!

ARE YOU
STUPID-A
LITTLE
MAN YOU
VEAN I
GONNA
GIVE-A
YOU-A
GOOD
WELL BE
THE ASS

THESE PUT
AN-A TURT
AN-A TURT
AN-A TURT

HEY YOU
VEAN I
GONNA
KICK-A
YOU ASS
TOO!





sex clamp



head fuck



dream fall



dood

dank u voor u gastfreiheit

NOT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION



LAST GASP CATALOG

GRAPHIC ART,
ODD LITERATURE
& BAD ATTITUDE



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YOU BETTER GO.

I'LL GO --- DONT STARTLE ME, MAN!

PLEASE - DON'T ASK!

Don't you know
the SUN is getting HIGH?

WHERE'R
you AT?

OUCH!

Buck up and
OPEN YOUR EYES,
ASSHOLE!

WHEREVER I WAKE UP, THE DEATH TRUCK IS WAITING